

CLEAN!

If you would be clean and have your clothes done up in the neatest and dressiest manner, take them to the

SALEM STRAM LAUNDRY

where all work is done by white labor and in the most prompt manner.
COLONEL J. OLMSTED.
Liberty Street

NATURE TEACHES.

DR. TALMAGE FINDS AN IMPRESSIVE LESSON IN THE ECHO.

Every Act and Word Has Eternal Consequences—The Redemption of Children Through the Memory of Their Pious Parents.

BROOKLYN, Jan. 17.—Dr. Talmage gave a new illustration in his sermon this morning of his mastery of the art of drawing spiritual lessons from common natural phenomena. His subject was "Echoes" and his text, Ezekiel vii, 7, "The sounding again of the mountains."

At last I have found it. The Bible has it to a recognition of all phases of the natural world from the aurora of the midnight heavens to the phosphorescence of the tumbled sea. But the well known sound that we call the Echo I found not until a few days ago I discovered it in my text. "The sounding again of the mountains."

That is the Echo. Ezekiel of the text had heard it again and again. Born among mountains and in his journey to distant exile he had passed among mountains, and it was natural that all through his writings there should loom up the mountains. Among them he had heard the sound of earthquakes and of tempests in wreath with oak and cedar, and the voices of wild beasts; but a man of so poetic a nature as Ezekiel could not allow another sound, viz., the Echo, to be disregarded, and so he gives us in our text "The sounding again of the mountains."

ANALOGY OF MORAL AND MATERIAL. Greek mythology represents the Echo as a nymph, the daughter of Earth and Air, following Narcissus through forests and into grottoes and every whither, and so strange and weird and startling is the Echo I do not wonder that the superstitious have lifted it into the supernatural. You and I in boyhood or girlhood experimented with this responsiveness of sound. Standing half way between the house and barn, we shouted many a time to hear the reverberations; or out among the mountains back of our house, on some long tramp, we stopped and made exclamations with full lungs just to hear what Ezekiel calls "The sounding again of the mountains."

The Echo has frightened many a child and many a man. It is no tame thing after you have spoken to hear the same words repeated by the invisible. All the silences are filled with voices ready to answer. Yet it would not be so startling if they said something else, but why do those lips of the air say just what you say? Do they mean to mock or mean to please? Who are you and where are you, thou wonderful Echo? Some times its response is a reiteration. The shot of a gun, the clapping of the hands, the beating of a drum, the voice of a violin are sometimes repeated many times by the Echo.

Near Coliberto, which is said to have seventeen Echoes! In 1766 a writer says that near Milan, Italy, there were seventy such reflections of sound to one snap of a pistol. Play a bugle near a lake of Killarney and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as when you played it. There is a well two hundred and ten feet deep at Carlsbad, and the sound of its fall comes to the top of the well distinctly.

A blast from an Alpine horn comes back from the rocks of Jungfrau in surge after surge of reflected sound, until it seems as if every peak had lifted and blown an Alpine horn. But have you noticed—and this is the reason for the present discourse—that this Echo in the natural world has its analogy in the moral and religious world? Have you noticed the tremendous fact that what we say and do comes back in recalled gladness or disaster? About this resonance I preach this morning.

First—Parental teaching, and example have their Echo in the character of descendants. Exceptions? Oh, yes. So in the natural world there may be no Echo or a distorted Echo, by reason of peculiar proximity, but the general rule is that the character of the children is the Echo of the character of parents. The general rule is that good parents have good children and bad parents have bad children. If the old man is a crank, his son is apt to be a crank and the grandchild a crank.

The tendency is so mighty in that direction that it will get worse and worse unless some hero or heroine in that line shall rise and say: "Here! By the help of God, I will stand this no longer. Against this hereditary tendency to quackery I protest." And he or she will set up an altar and a magnificent life that will reverse things and there will be no more cranks among that kindred.

In another family the father and mother are consecrated people. What they do is right; what they teach is right. The boys may for some time be wild and the daughters worldly, but watch! Years pass on, perhaps ten years, twenty years, and you go back to the church where the father and mother used to be most constant members.

You have heard nothing about the family for twenty years, and at the door of the church you see the sexton and you ask him, "Where is Mr. Webster?" "Oh, he has been dead many years!" "Where is Mrs. Webster?" "Oh, she died fifteen

years ago!" "I suppose their son Joe went to the dogs?" "Oh, no," says the sexton, "he is up there in the oldest seat. He is one of our best and most important members. You ought to hear him pray and sing. He is not Joe any longer; he is Elder Webster." "Well, where is the daughter, Mary?" "I suppose she is the same thoughtless butterfly she used to be?" "Oh, no!" says the sexton, "she is the president of our missionary society and the directress in the orphan asylum, and when she goes down the street all the ragamuffins take hold of her dress and cry, 'Auntie, when are you going to bring us some more books and shoes and things?' And when in times of revival there is some hard case back in a church pew that no one else can touch, she goes where he is, and in a minute she has him a-crying, and the first thing we know she is fetching the hardened man up to the front to be prayed for, and says, 'Here is a brother who wants to find the way into the kingdom of God.' And if nobody seems ready to pray she kneels down in the aisle beside him and says, 'O Lord! with a pathos and a power and a triumph that seem instantly to emanate the hardened sinner. Oh, no, you must not call her a thoughtless butterfly in our presence. You see we would not stand it.' The fact is that the son and daughter of that family did not promise much at the start, but they are now an Echo, a glorious Echo, a prolonged Echo of parental teaching and example.

PLANTING FOR TIME AND ETERNITY. A Vermont mother, as her boy was about to start for a life on the sea, said: "Edward, I have never seen the ocean. But I understand the great temptation is strong drink. Promise me you will never touch it." Many years after that, telling of this in a meeting, Edward said: "I gave that promise to mother, and have been around the world and at Calcutta, the ports of the Mediterranean, San Francisco, Cape of Good Hope and north and south poles, and never saw a glass of liquor in all those years; but my mother's form did not appear before me, and I do not know how liquor tastes. I never have tasted it and all because of the promise I made to my mother."

This was the result of that conversation at the gate of the Vermont farmhouse. The statutory of Thorwaldsen was sent from Italy to Germany, and the straw in which the statues had been packed was thrown upon the ground. The next spring beautiful Italian flowers sprang up where this straw had been cast, for in it had been some of the seeds of Italian flowers, and whether conscious of it or not we are all the time planting for ourselves and planting for others roses or thorns. You thought it only straw, yet among it were anemones.

But here is a slipshod home. The parents are a godless pair. They let their children do as they please. No example fit to follow. No lessons of morality or religion. Sunday no better than any other day. The Bible is a sort of inn where the older and younger people of the household stop for awhile. The theory acted on, though perhaps not announced, is: "The children will have to do as I did and take their chances. Life is a lottery anyhow, and some draw prizes and some draw blanks and we will trust to luck."

Skip twenty years and come back to the neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old inhabitant of that neighborhood, and you say, "Can you tell me anything about the Petersons who used to live here?" "Yes," says the old inhabitant, "I remember them very well. The father and mother have been dead for years." "Well, how about the children? What has become of them?" The old inhabitant replies: "They turned out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got into drinking habits, and in a few years his wife was not able to live with him any longer and his children were taken by relatives, and he died of delirium tremens on Blackwell's island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada. One of the daughters of the old folks married an imbecile with the idea of reforming him, and you know how that always ends—in the ruin of both the experimenter and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteriously and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East river and put in the morgue, and some thought it was her, but I cannot say. 'Is it possible?' you cry out. 'Yes, it is possible. The family is a complete wreck.' My hearters that is just what might have been expected. All this is only the Echo, the dismal Echo, the awful Echo, the dreadful Echo of parental obliquity and unfaithfulness. The old folks heaped up a mountain of wrong influences, and this is only what my text calls 'The sounding of the mountains.'

Indeed our entire behavior in this world will have a rebound. While opportunities fly in a straight line and just touch us once and are gone never to return, the wrongs we practice upon others fly in a circle and they come back to the place from which they started. Doctor Guilleme thought it smart to introduce

the instrument of death, named after him; but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off with the guillotine.

MAKE YOUR HEARD FOR JUDGMENT.

So, also, the judgment day will be an Echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day for there are so many things in the world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not appointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "Oh, God, give us a judgment day." But we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no special connection with this day or any other day. The fact is that we are now making up its voices, its trumpets will only sound back again to us what we now say and do.

That is the meaning of all that Scripture which says that Christ will on that day address the soul, saying, "I was naked and ye clothed me; I was sick and ye visited me." All the footsteps in that prison corridor as the Christian Reformer walks to the whet of the incarnated, ya, all the whippers of condolelence in the ear of that poor soul dying in that garret, you all the kindnesses are being caught up and rolled on until they dash against the judgment throne, and then they will be struck back into the ears of these sons and daughters of mercy.

Louder than the crash of Mount Washington falling on its face in the worldwide catastrophe, and the boiling of the sea over the furnaces of universal conflagration will be the Echo and Re-echo of the good deeds done and the sympathetic words uttered and the mighty benefactions conferred. On that day all the charities, all the self sacrifices, all the philanthropies, all the beneficent labors and testaments, all the Christian work of all the ages, will be piped up into mountains, and those who have served God and served the suffering human race will hear what my text styles "The sounding of the mountains."

My subject advances to tell you that eternity itself is only an echo of time. Mind you, the analogy warns me saying this. The Echo is not always exactly in kind like the sound originally projected. Lord Raleigh says that a woman's voice sounding from a grove was returned an octave higher. A scientist playing a flute in Fairfax county, Va., found that all the notes were returned, although some of them came in a raised pitch. A trumpet sounded ten times near Glasgow, Scotland, and the ten notes were all repeated, but a third lower. And the spiritual law corresponds with the natural world.

What we do of good or bad may not come back to us in just the proportion we expect it, but come back it will; it may be from a higher gladness than we thought of or from a deeper woe, from a mightier conqueror or from a worse captive, from a higher throne or deeper dungeon. Our prayer or our blasphemy, our kindness or our cruelty, our faith or our unbelief, our holy life or our dissolute behavior will come back somehow.

Suppose the boss of a factory or the head of a commercial firm some day comes out among his clerks or employees and putting his thumbs in the armpits of his vest says, with an air of swagger and jocosity: "Well, I don't believe in the Bible or the church. The one is an imposition and the other is full of hypocrites. I declare I would not trust one of those very pious people farther than I could see him." That is all he says, but he has said enough. The young men go back to their counters or their shutters and say within themselves, no better than any other book. The Bible is a sort of inn where the older and younger people of the household stop for awhile. The theory acted on, though perhaps not announced, is: "The children will have to do as I did and take their chances. Life is a lottery anyhow, and some draw prizes and some draw blanks and we will trust to luck."

Skip twenty years and come back to the neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old inhabitant of that neighborhood, and you say, "Can you tell me anything about the Petersons who used to live here?" "Yes," says the old inhabitant, "I remember them very well. The father and mother have been dead for years." "Well, how about the children? What has become of them?" The old inhabitant replies: "They turned out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got into drinking habits, and in a few years his wife was not able to live with him any longer and his children were taken by relatives, and he died of delirium tremens on Blackwell's island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada. One of the daughters of the old folks married an imbecile with the idea of reforming him, and you know how that always ends—in the ruin of both the experimenter and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteriously and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East river and put in the morgue, and some thought it was her, but I cannot say. 'Is it possible?' you cry out. 'Yes, it is possible. The family is a complete wreck.' My hearters that is just what might have been expected. All this is only the Echo, the dismal Echo, the awful Echo, the dreadful Echo of parental obliquity and unfaithfulness. The old folks heaped up a mountain of wrong influences, and this is only what my text calls 'The sounding of the mountains.'

Indeed our entire behavior in this world will have a rebound. While opportunities fly in a straight line and just touch us once and are gone never to return, the wrongs we practice upon others fly in a circle and they come back to the place from which they started. Doctor Guilleme thought it smart to introduce

the instrument of death, named after him; but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off with the guillotine.

MAKE YOUR HEARD FOR JUDGMENT.

So, also, the judgment day will be an Echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day for there are so many things in the world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not appointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "Oh, God, give us a judgment day." But we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no special connection with this day or any other day. The fact is that we are now making up its voices, its trumpets will only sound back again to us what we now say and do.

Christian religion must be a good thing. God knows I want some help in this battle with temptation and sin.

The successful merchant who uttered the kind words did not know how much good he was doing, but the Echo will come back in five lifetimes of virtue and usefulness and five Christian deaths and five heavens. From all the mountains of rapture and all the mountains of glory and all the mountains of eternity he will catch what Ezekiel in my text styles "The sounding again of the mountains."

Yes, I take a step further in this subject and say that our own eternity will be a reverboration of our own earthly lifetime. What we are here we will be there, only on a larger scale. Dissolution will tear down the body and enshrine it, but our faculties of mind and soul will go right on without the hesitancy of a moment and without any change except enlargement and intensification. There will be no more difference than between a lion behind the iron bars and a lion escaped into the field, between an eagle in the cage and an eagle in the sky. Good here, good there; bad here, bad there. Time is only a bewildered eternity. Eternity is only an enlarged time. In this life our soul is in dry dock.

The moment we leave this life we are launched for our great voyage, and we sail on for centuries (quintillions, but the ship does not change its fundamental structure after it gets out of the dry dock; it does not pass from brig to schooner or from schooner to man-of-war. What we are when launched from this world we will be in the world to come. Oh, God! by thy converting and sanctifying spirit make us right here and now, that we may be right forever!

"Well," says some one, "this idea of moral, spiritual and eternal Echo is new to me. Is there not some way of stopping this Echo?" My answer is, "God can, and he only." If it is a cheerful Echo we do not want it stopped; if a baleful Echo we would like to have it stopped. The hardest thing in this world to do is to stop an Echo. Many an oration has been spoiled and many an orator confounded by an Echo. Costly churches, cathedrals, theaters and music halls have been ruined by an Echo. Architects have swung strings across and auditoriums to arrest the Echo and hung upholstery against the walls, hoping to entrap it, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in public buildings of this country to keep the air from answering when it ought to be quiet.

Aristotle and Pythagoras and Isaac Newton and La Planch and our own Joseph Henry tried to hush down the Echo, but still the unexplored realms of acoustics are larger than the explored. When our first Brooklyn Tabernacle was being constructed we were told by architects that if we of such a shape that the human voice could not be heard in it, or, if heard, it would be jangled in Echoes.

In state of worriment I went to Joseph Henry, the president of the Smithsonian institution at Washington, and told him of this evil prophecy, and he replied: "I have probably experimented more with the laws of sound than any other man, and I got as far as this. Two buildings may seem to be exactly alike and yet in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad. Go on with your church building and trust that all will be well." And all was well. Oh, this mighty law of sound! Oh, this subtle Echo! There is only one being in the universe who thoroughly understands it. "The sounding again of the mountains."

AWFUL NATURE OF THE IMMORTAL. And it is as hard to destroy a natural Echo, how much harder to stop a moral Echo, a spiritual Echo, an immortal Echo. You know that the Echoes are effected by the surfaces, and the shape of rocks, and the depth of ravines, and the relative position of buildings? And once in heaven, God will so arrange the relative position of mansions and temples and thrones of heaven will be the rolling, bursting, ascending, descending, chanting Echoes. All the songs we ever sang devoutly, all the prayers we have ever uttered earnestly, all the Christian deeds we have ever done, will be waiting to spring upon us in Echo.

The scientists tell us that in this world the roar of artillery and the boom of the thunder are so loud, because they are a combination of Echoes—all the hillsides and the caverns, and the walls furnishing a share of the resonance. And never will we understand the full power and music of an Echo until with us, in our mortal faculties, able to endure them, we hear all the conjoined sounds of heavenly Echoes—harps and trumpets, oboes and oratorios, hallelujahs and hallelujahs, cast side of heaven answering to the west side, north side to south side, and all the heights, and all the depths, and all the immensities, and all the eternities joining in Echo upon Echo, Echo in the wake of Echo.

In the future state, whether of rapture or ruin, we will hear for reverberations of earthly things and doings. Voltaire, standing amid the shadows, will listen, and from the millions whose godlessness and libertinism and debauchery were a consequence of his brilliant blasphemies will come back a weeping wailing, despairing, agonizing, million voiced

about noon the rain ceases and the sun comes out, and the clerics go to their places, and they say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful merchant, and I guess he knows what he is talking about, and the

the instrument of death, named after him; but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off with the guillotine.

MAKE YOUR HEARD FOR JUDGMENT.

So, also, the judgment day will be an Echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day for there are so many things in the world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not appointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "Oh, God, give us a judgment day." But we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no special connection with this day or any other day. The fact is that we are now making up its voices, its trumpets will only sound back again to us what we now say and do.

Echo. Paul will, while standing in the light, listen, and from all the circles of the ransomed, and from all the many mansions whom he helped to people, and from all the thrones he helped to occupy, and from all the gates he helped to throw with arrivals, and from all the temples he helped to fill with worshippers, there shall come back to him a glorious, ever accumulating, transporting and triumphant Echo.

Oh, what will the tyrants and oppressors of the earth do with the Echoes! Those who are responsible for the wars of the world will have come back to them all the groans, the shrieks, the cannonades, the bursting shells, the cracks of burning cities and the crash of a nation's homes; Hohenlinden and Salamanca, Wagram and Sedan, Marathon and Thermopylae, Bunker Hill and Lexington, South Mountain and Gettysburg, Sennacherib, listen! Semiramis, listen! Marc Antony, listen! Artaxerxes, listen! Darius, listen! Julius Caesar, listen! Alexander and Napoleon, listen! But to the righteous will come back the blissful Echoes.

Composers of Gospel hymns and singers will listen for the return of Antioch and Brattle Street, Ariel and Dundee, Harwell and Woodstock, Mount Pisgah and Corvallis, Homeward Bound and Shining Shore, and all the melodies they ever started. Bishop Heber and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and Thomas Hastings and Bradbury and Horatus Bonar and Frances Havergal, listen!

But you know as well as I do that there are some places where the reverberations seem to meet, and standing there they rush upon you, they rain upon you, all at once they capture your ear. And at the point where all heavenly reverberations meet Christ will stand and listen for the resound of all his sighs and groans and sacrifices, and they shall come back in an Echo in which shall mingle the acclaim of a redeemed world, and the "Jubilate Deo" of a full heaven. Echo sanctus, cherubic, archangelic! Echo of thrones! Echo of palaces! Echo of triumph! Omnipotent Echo! Everlasting Echo! Amen!

A Timely Suggestion. Calisto sent a friend of his a number of small and light articles in a letter. He added, by way of postscriptum, "Be very careful how you break open the envelope."—La Caricature.

Cost of the Army and Navy, \$19,150,000. The officers and sailors in the navy get \$7,500,000 and the officers and soldiers in the army \$10,000,000. Uncle Sam spends \$150,000 for horses for his cavalry and artillery, and pays his retired army officers a million and a half of good round dollars.—Cleveland Leader.

The French admiralty has adopted for covering the boilers of warships mattresses or cushions made of asbestos cloth and stuffed with some nonconducting material, such as silicate cotton or asbestos fiber.—New York Journal.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases, Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickle—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

On one occasion, when Alexander Dumas was at the height of his prosperity, a friend ventured to say to him: "Come, come, Dumas, you ought not to go on forever throwing money out of the window."

"Why not?" he asked, with eyes wide open.

"Why, because it is wasted." "Wasted!" said Dumas. "Not at all. There's always somebody under the window to pick it up."—Youth's Companion.

Which Could Be the Better Spared? In a certain village a tailor was condemned to be hanged. The inhabitants sent a deputation to the judge and modestly pleaded that his death would be a public inconvenience, since they had lost this one tailor. "Spare him to us, therefore, and if you want to hang somebody we have two carpenters, and can easily spare one of them."

This was the kind of humor that once entertained the king and his courtiers.—All the Year Round.

Riding "Sit-ways." Flossie had only been accustomed to seeing men on horseback, but one day some young ladies from town rode out to where she lived, and the sight of them pleased her greatly. She walked all around them on their horses, and finally coming back to her mother she remarked:

"Well, mamma, I don't see how I can ride sit-ways I'd fret a horse and ride my way."—Detroit Free Press.

Great Relief

Is instantly afforded sufferers from Bronchitis, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Either as an anodyne, to allay inflammation, or an expectorant, to loosen and bring away the mucus, this preparation has no equal.

"Last winter I contracted a severe cold, which, by repeated exposure, became quite obstinate. I was much troubled with hoarseness and bronchitis, and without relief, I at last purchased a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. On taking this medicine, my cough ceased almost immediately, and I have been well ever since."—Rev. Thomas B. Russell, Secretary Holston Conference and P. E. of the Greenville Dist. M. E. C., Jonesboro, Tenn.

"My mother was sick three years and very low with bronchitis. We feared nothing would cure her. One of my friends told me about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. She tried it, has used eight bottles, and is now well."—T. H. D. Chamberlain, Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

A Two Headed Snake. Two headed snakes are found sometimes, but are not more common than similarly created humans. There is a two headed snake at the Academy of Sciences that attracted much attention from naturalists. It is a peculiar specimen without. It is now dead in alcohol, but during the few weeks its welfare was looked after it was watched and studied, and became so tame that it could be handled without disturbing it.

It was but a young snake, twelve inches long, and the two heads join about half an inch from the extremity. The name, pithephs extensor, would suggest a large sample of reptile, but this kind is variously called the gopher snake, blow snake, pine snake and bull snake, owing to the locality in which it is found. The species has no fangs, only very small, fine teeth; grows to over six feet in length and the bite is perfectly harmless.

The main peculiarity of the young reptile is that both heads are perfectly developed and food could be taken by either, as there is a channel leading from both to the stomach. When one head tackled a beetle or other article of food it was a question which could reach it first, for one was just as liable to grab it as the other, though the whole body received nutriment from the object. It seemed often to be a race between the heads to see which would gobble the insect, but after it disappeared in one month the other seemed just as well satisfied.

The traits and characteristics of the twin were closely studied. Many of the snake's actions were amusing where the two heads were concerned, but in most respects it acted very much like any other of its kind.—San Francisco Examiner.

Is Seared That Time. When the September term of the district court opened there was one among the jurors who wanted to be excused. John Doe is not his name, but it goes here.

"What is your name?" asked Judge Davis.

"John Doe," was the reply.

"Do you want to be excused from duty?" inquired the judge.

"Yes! You'll have to talk a little louder, judge. I'm a little hard of hearing," said Mr. Doe.

Judge Davis repeated the question, and Mr. Doe replied:

"No, sir; I don't want to serve."

"What excuse have you?"

"Well, judge, I'm hard of hearing, and I'm afraid it would be useless for me to try to serve."

"Can you hear an ordinary conversational tone?" asked the judge.

"Yes!" remarked Doe, placing his hand behind his ear.

"I say can you hear an ordinary conversational tone of voice?" asked the judge, pitching his voice a little higher.

"Well, it bothers me some," said Doe.

"Well," said Judge Davis in a low tone of voice, "I guess we'll have to excuse you if you can't hear well."

Low as the tone was, Doe heard it, and he started away with a pleasant smile twinkling about his face.

"Well, Mr. Doe," said Judge Davis, "I guess if you can hear that you can hear well enough to serve as a juror. We cannot excuse you."

And John Doe collapsed and fell into the nearest chair.—Omaha World-Herald.

On one occasion, when Alexander Dumas was at the height of his prosperity, a friend ventured to say to him:

"Come, come, Dumas, you ought not to go on forever throwing money out of the window."

"Why not?" he asked, with eyes wide open.

"Why, because it is wasted."

"Wasted!" said Dumas. "Not at all. There's always somebody under the window to pick it up."—Youth's Companion.

Which Could Be the Better Spared?

In a certain village a tailor was condemned to be hanged. The inhabitants sent a deputation to the judge and modestly pleaded that his death would be a public inconvenience, since they had lost this one tailor. "Spare him to us, therefore, and if you want to hang somebody we have two carpenters, and can easily spare one of them."

This was the kind of humor that once entertained the king and his courtiers.—All the Year Round.

Riding "Sit-ways." Flossie had only been accustomed to seeing men on horseback, but one day some young ladies from town rode out to where she lived, and the sight of them pleased her greatly. She walked all around them on their horses, and finally coming back to her mother she remarked:

"Well, mamma, I don't see how I can ride sit-ways I'd fret a horse and ride my way."—Detroit Free Press.

PEOPLE!

Ask for Hurst's "STAFF OF LIFE"

Or whole Wheat Flour, healthiest and best tasting bread. Also the Famous Pure Aurora Buckwheat Flour.

"Hurst's Best Flour, often Praised Flour," having won 1st Prize. Ask your dealer for these goods and take no substitute. J. D. HURST & SON, Aurora.

Willamette University,

SALEM, OREGON.

Is just the place to go for a first-class education. The Normal Course offers every advantage of any normal school with all the benefits of degree and state diploma and many specialties.

Excellent courses for business college, Preparatory, College, Art, Music, Theology, Law, Medicine and Pharmacy.

Second term opens Nov. 10th. Third term opens Feb. 1, 1892.

For circular address, REV. GEO. WHITAKER, D. D., President.

EAST AND SOUTH

—VIA—

Southern Pacific Route

Shasta Line

CALIFORNIA EXPRESS TRAIN—RUN DAILY BETWEEN PORTLAND AND S.F.

South. Lv. Portland Ar. S.F. 7:30 a.m. 7:45 p.m. Lv. S.F. Ar. Portland 7:00 a.m. 6:15 p.m. Ar. Roseburg 1:30 p.m. Above trains stop only at following stations: Portland, Astoria, Seaside, Cannon Beach, Clifton, Astoria, Seaside, Cannon Beach, Clifton, Astoria, Seaside, Cannon Beach, Clifton.

ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY. 8:00 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. S.F. 9:00 p.m. 8:15 a.m. Lv. S.F. Ar. Portland 7:00 p.m. 8:30 p.m. Ar. Roseburg 1:30 p.m.

Albany Local, Daily (except Sunday). 5:00 p.m. Lv. Portland Ar. S.F. 8:50 a.m. 5:15 p.m. Lv. S.F. Ar. Albany 1:30 p.m. 5:00 p.m. Ar. Albany 1:30 p.m.

PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS. TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

For accommodation of second class passengers attached to express trains.

West Side Division, Between Portland and Corvallis.

DAILY (EXCEPT SUNDAY). 7:00 a.m. Lv. Portland Ar. Corvallis 12:40 p.m. 12:10 p.m. Lv. Corvallis Ar. Portland 12:50 p.m.

At Albany and Corvallis connect with trains of Oregon Pacific Railroad.

EXPRESS TRAINS—(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

8:00 p.m. Lv. Portland Ar. S.F. 9:00 p.m. 7:30 p.m. Lv. S.F. Ar. Portland 7:00 p.m.

Through Tickets EAST AND SOUTH For tickets and full information regarding rates, etc., apply to the Company's Ticket Agents, or to the Agents, E. P. ROGERS, Astoria, S. F. and 1228, Astoria, W. KOEHLER, Manager.